FOR THE NEW YEAR: TO THE SUN.

Intended

To be Sung before Their Majesties on *New-Years* Day. 169¾.

Written by Mr. *Prior* at the *Hague*.

LIGHT of the World, and Ruler of the Year,
With happy Speed begin thy great Career;
And as the Radiant Journey's run
Where e're thy Beams are spread, where e're thy Power is known,
Through all the distant Nations own,
That in Fair *Albion* thou hast seen
The Greatest Prince, the Brightest Queen,
That ever Sav'd a People, ever Grac'd a Throne.
So may Thy God-head be confest,
So the returning Year be Blest,
As its Infant Months bestow
Springing Wreaths for *William's* Brow
As its Summer's Youth shall shed
Eternal Sweets round *Mary's* Head:

From the Bleſſings They ſhall know,
Our Times are Dated, and our *Æra's* move,
They Govern, and Enlighten all below
As Thou do'ſt all above.

Let our Heroe in the War
Active and Fierce like Thee appear;
Like Thee, Great Son of *Jove*, like Thee,
When clad in riſing Majeſty
Thou Marcheſt down o'er *Delos* Hills confeſt,
With all thy Arrows Arm'd, with all thy Glory Dreſt.
Like Thee, the Heroe, does his Arms imploy,
The raging *Python* to deſtroy,
Cho. *And give the injur'd Nations Peace and Joy.*

I
From Ancient Times Hiſtoric Stores
Gather all the ſmiling Hours,
All that with Friendly Care have guarded
Patriots and Kings in Rightful Wars,
All that with Conqueſt have rewarded
His Great Fore-fathers Pious Cares,
All that Story have Recorded
Sacred to *Naſſau's* long Renown,
For Countries Sack'd and Battels Won.

Cho. *March Them again in fair Array,*
And bid Them form the Happy Day,
The Happy Day deſign'd to wait
On William's *Fame, and* Europe's *Fate.*

Let the Happy Day be Crown'd
With great Event and fair Succeſs,
No brighter in the Year be found,
But that which brings the Victor home in Peace.

Again Thy God-head we implore,
(Great in Wiſdom as in Power)
Again for *Mary*'s ſake and ours,
Chuſe out other ſmiling Hours,
Such as with lucky Wings have fled
When Happy Counſils were adviſing,
Such as have glad Omens ſhed
O'er forming Laws and Empires riſing;
Such as many Luſtres ran
Hand in Hand a goodly Train,
To bleſs the Great *Eliza*'s Reign,
And in the Typic Glory ſhow
The fuller Bliſs which *Mary* ſhould beſtow.

As the Graver Hours advance,
Mingled ſend into the Dance,
Many fraught with all the Treaſures
Which the *Eaſtern* Travel views,
Many wing'd with all the Pleaſures
Man can ask, or Heav'n diffuſe.
To eaſe the Cares which for Her Subjects take
The Pious Queen does with glad Patience take.
Cho. *To let Her ſee the Bleſſings know*
Which from whole Seas upon Her Subjects flow.

For Thy own Glory ſing our Sov'raign's Praiſe,
(God of Verſes and of Days)
Let all Thy Tuneful Sons adorn
Their laſting Work with *William*'s Name,
Let choſen Muſes yet unborn
Take *Mary*'s Goodneſs for their Theam:
Eternal Structures let Them raiſe
On *William*'s and on *Mary*'s Praiſe,
Nor want new Subjects for the Song,
Nor fear They can exhauſt the Store,
Till Nature's Muſick lies unſtrung,
Till Thou ſhalt ſhine no more.

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